

1-12-1909

Letter from Louise Imogen Guiney, Auburndale, Massachusetts, to Anne Whitney, Boston, Massachusetts, 1909 January 12

Louise Imogen Guiney

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Dear Anne Whitney, I shall
just love to set eyes on you!
but I can't say yet when it will
be. You see I am dead tired; the
briny deep, and the exciting
noises of Boston (the noisiest
spot, I believe, on the habitable
earth) have used me up for the
present; and there is this enormous
unpacking, just begun, to
finish. I can't leave it hanging,
and I must not throw it off on
to others. You can be sure of
one fact: and that is, that I'll

apply for admission at the Charlesgate the first time I leave these diggings. My mother is as lively as a cricket, and looks infinitely better, and is so, than she was three years ago. She sends you her love, and swears by you generally.

I suppose you saw by the silly Transcript that I had written 'several volumes' of poetry recently! Of course that is the purest conceit. The total count against me, during the eight years in Oxford, would be, perhaps, ten rhymes in all.

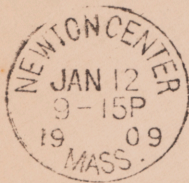
To bid my loved best to keep me name off the Almanac-list, and to escape news-papers' remarks: quite in vain. There is no obscurity allowed to the obscure in the land of the free.

Goodnight. It rejoiced me to see your hand-written: I have had the little of it lately. And I am more of a hermit every day, as to faces and voices. But you I shall invade, sans phrase!

Ever yours

L. B. G.

Jan. 12. Southwale.



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2.

Miss Anne Whitney,
The Charlesgate,
Beacon St.,
Boston.

